THE MASCOT BEARS

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THE MASCOT BEARS

BY

CLARA COGSWELL INGHAM

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1909

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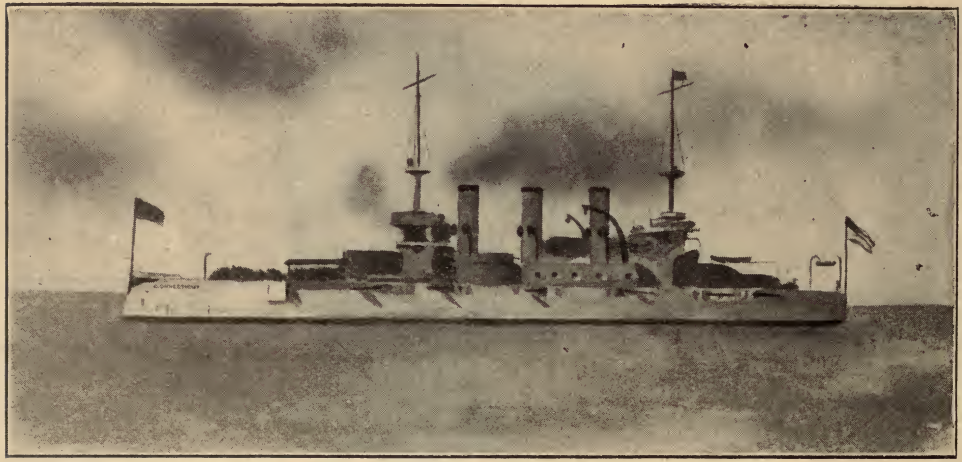
CLARA COGSWELL INGHAM

This book is sent forth to place within reach of children pictures of bears that are true to Nature and drawn by a Master hand.

Price 25 Cents.

To All the Children
Of All the Land.



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP, CONNECTICUT.

KANSAS.

THE MASCOT BEARS.

"Mamma, Mamma, tell us all about Seattle and the fleet."

"Yes, my children, I have a good story for you about sixteen bears."

"Live bears, Mamma?"

"Yes, my child, and I have

LOUISIANA.

their pictures, sent to you by a great man."

"You must have seen lots of the great man, Mamma," said the sun-kissed daughter with the golden hair.

"No, not much, my daughter, but may see more. He has asked to take care of you all at the Alaskan Fair. So teach your tongue more courtesy if you will

KENTUCKY.

have even greater than Royalty for nursery maid." For she had spoken sharply to baby sister.

"But let us get back to the story. There were sixteen bears from Aberdeen,—."

"What's Aberdeen, Mamma?"

"Aberdeen, my son, is the place where bears come from. But if you will listen as you go

KEARSARGE.

through life you will know all things."

First get the pictures of the bears. You see there are sixteen and each has his name on a collar around his neck. He is named for a great battleship and is to be its mascot.

This tiny one with head bowed down is Connecticut. That is a big name for so small a bear,

CONNECTICUT.

but he will grow to it. First let us go back to the bears' real baby-hood. Now we will close our eyes and try to see just how they lived when they were with their mothers. You must look so far beyond the streets, away past all the houses and all the hills, clear back to the very edge where you see the sky. There my children, your eyes can look no further, but your thought goes on and on

ILLINOIS.

until it carries you to the very center of the great woods, and there you find the baby bears, happy before man came.

Now let us look well and see what makes little bears happy. First of all—they are just like little boys and girls— they must have a mamma. They must have milk, and have the dirt washed off their faces, not with soap and

ALABAMA.

water but by their mother's great red, rough tongue, and have their hair combed, also by her tongue, for they must be clean and warm or they can't be well. And that is like children, too.

You might think that a little bear would be lots harder to keep clean than a little boy, but he is not one-tenth the trouble. Little bears play with little brothers and

MISSOURI.

sisters and grow cross and quarrel sometimes—that is another thing in which they resemble you.

Well, let us look for little Connecticut in his first home. Here we find him in a cave-like place shut away from the wind and sun. He has such a nice warm bed in which to sleep. We find him first with his eyes shut tight like a new baby kitten.

MAINE.

But he grows rapidly and soon is large enough to crawl out of the den and play in the warm sun shine. He is such a fine little bear, so black and soft, and oh, so happy until man comes. The trees look so big and everything just suits him, even the little stream of water close by where he goes to fish, not with hook and line, but with his paw which he

OHIO.

slips quickly in, sometimes catching one, sometimes not.

He has much to learn at bear school and it is such fun to learn. But here comes man with dog and gun. The dogs smell out the tracks of the helpless mother, they chase her and force her on until she is near her home, then man shoots her down, and seeks out and finds her den and drags

MINNESOTA.

Connecticut and his brother out. They bite and scratch and cry and whine but it does not help one little bit. Man chucks them into a sack and—now we must bring our thoughts back out through the trees and past the hills, clear to the heart of big, noisy Seattle. And now we can see with our eyes again.

Here they come, all sixteen,

RHODE ISLAND.

each led by a chain so none can escape. Some play along like little dogs, others are tired and drag their feet, but they must walk. For the cry goes up:—

"The bears are coming! Here come the bears!" "Hip, hip, hurrah and three cheers for the bears from Aberdeen, Hurrah for the men from Aberdeen!"—

"Look again at the pictures.

VERMONT.

See this little bear. I mean this one right here. He was about the size of Cotton cat. You see his name? It is Vermont. Well he grew so tired that the man picked him up and hung him across his arm just as you do a Teddy bear. They all pass by, and we have to go back to thoughts if we are to have any more of the story. What we think for our little bear over here

COTTON CAT.

TEDDY BEAR.

with his head still down, Connecticut, is his name you know, we will think for all the other bears. After his long walk is ended, he is taken in a boat out to the great battle ship and there lives for the rest of his life.

There is not much more to tell. Mamma does not like to think of his life chained down, spoiled, robbed of all that bears

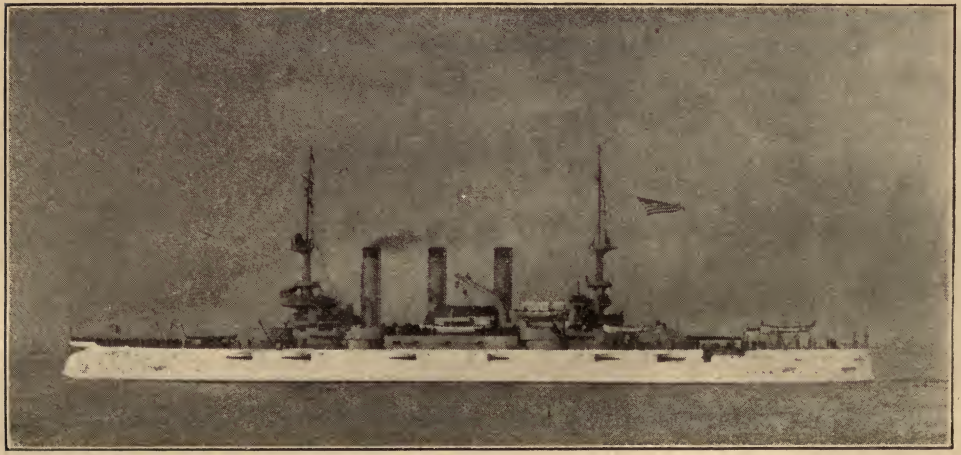
VIRGINIA

hold dear. Now look close at the pictures, and we will read the names of the bears. You must learn them all then you will know the names of all the battleships. That is a fine thing to know. It is more fun to learn the names of bears than ships."

NEW JERSEY.

CONNECTICUT.
VERMONT.
GEORGIA.
RHODE ISLAND.
MINNESOTA.
MAINE.
ALABAMA.
KEARSARGE.
KANSAS.
LOUISIANA.
NEW JERSEY.
VIRGINIA.
OHIO.
MISSOURI.
ILLINOIS.
KENTUCKY.

GEORGIA.



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